By Hayward

HOW MANY CARDS?

By ISABEL OSTRANDER Author of "The Island of Intrigue," "Suspense," "Ashes to Ashes," etc.

A would-be thief enters the palatial residence of Eugene Christopher Creeling. He runs out again instantly and into the hands of a detective. He protests he had 'nothing to do with what's in dere.'

On the floor of a room lies a man be evening clothes, the front of his side a huge army revolver. The table is laid for two, with champague on ice skill unmelted. The house is empty of human beings. Creveling had led a wild life. He associated with the wealthy, and at one time was spoken of as "the million-amonth man." Mrs. Creveling is resolute in her aforts to bring the murderer to justice. Alexander, portner in business to Creveling and uncle to Mrs. Creveling, objects to partner in business to Creveling and uncle to Mrs. Creveling, objects to her activity and desire to unearth the myslery. The dead man is reported to have quarreled with Houglas Waverly, who had left the house in a rago. There had been a robbery of some jewels, and Ilsa, Mrs. Creveling's maid, was arrested, let out on bail and disappeared. Creveling's valet had been placed in prison on suspicion of the murder, but released for the assistance of the detectives, who keep watch of his sections.

AND HERE IT CONTNUES

CHAPTER XII

Bolted Doors

A FEW minutes before 8 o'clock that evening a slouching figure street not far from the wide avenue which bordered the park and took up his stand midway the block. He leaned nonchainattly against an area railing that nonchainattly against an area railing that tis maybe because of a woman that his hat pushed far back on his head so that the rays from a nearby street lamp fell full upon his square-jawed but not uncomely face.

He might have been a respectable young artisan out to keep a tryst with a clearly his challenge are worm in the case on his mind?" Dennis was disposed to argument. "There's little Creveling needs of a valet now."

"For an alibi: he'll not be caught again without one," McCarty replied. "It was a woman's voice, you know, that telephoned out to the Waverly country place, and I'm thinking that this maybe because of a woman that Hill won't-open his mouth about where he was last night."

"It might not be the same woman, though," Dennis suggested helpfully. "Perhaps the woman that phoned was put up to it by the man that killed Creveling."

He might have been a respectable put up to it by the might have been a respectable put up to it

yards away.

The traffic of the day had ceased but the atreet was alive with shopkeepers and denizens of the modest flats on the routine of work, were througing out for a breath of the balmy spring air. Two figures, one tall and lanky and the officers and heavy set, rounded greeted them with a cheerful grin.

The corner, mingling with the passersby.

The traffic of the day had ceased but playing a different game. There's Clancy, now, coming out of that areaway and wiping the mouth of him on the back of his hand! The force is not what it used to be when I was pounding my beat."

"How're they coming, boys?" Clancy greeted them with a cheerful grin. and approached the youthful lounger.
They passed with no sign of recognides beyond he threw away his cigartie and sauntered off in the direction which they had first appeared.
A short distance from the door of the titon house the two newcomers lied, the taller for the manner of the man

"You could tell him with the tail of in with that Sarah, the butler's wife.
glance," McCarty assured him. "He and she won't speak to any of them.
"Her and me are real friendly and ith the sins of this world and hasn't many's the hot cup of coffee she's given

nding your own business.

tall, spare figure in clerical black just feathering into bloom. appeared in the doorway of the

ect you picked for your discourse, but the very shot!"
ome on; I think I know where our "You did!" McCarty dropped his e corner the slouching youth reap-ared from nowhere and trailed along

er an unjust suspicion but back to place where he works?" McCarty rned. "I told you he'd play safe. the Creveling house, no less, that headed for now and there it is just

ley saw him unlock the door and dis-

And now what?" Dennis demanded. Here comes Martin: are you going to withdrawn into the house Deunis maye him to watch the place?" asked:

There's a blank wall that surrounds the yard space at the rear like a well that surrounds the yard space at the rear like a well that never a door nor an opening that man could crawl through as far as I wald see this morning, but I'm taking a chance." McCarty responded. "The chance." McCarty responded. "The puses on both sides of the Crevelings of the closed house." added as the detective from bend-

"Go back a couple of blocks, cross avenue and climb over the park l; creep along the other side of it Jist opposite the Creveling tis that white one there in the the next block-and watch

You got a good look at chief was hanling him over the Martin repiled, "Me and Yost

both give him the once-over. He ain't ever been mugged, I could swear to

Well, keep your eyes peeled and if he comes out again give a squeeze to this and then trail him." From beneath his cost McCarty produced an object not unlike a small motor horn and handed it to the other. "If he don't come out stay where you'll be till you hear two quick honks of a horn like that one, or we join you, if it's morning. Understand?"

"Right. Mac." Martin grinned at Denny. "The chief thought your side kick here would be with you. I could tell a mile off, Riordan, that you were on the job."

He walked off chuckling at Dennis' discomfiture and McCarty remarked consolingly:

onsolingly:
"Never you mind, Denny, every man

to his work and it's your own line you'll be following tonight."
"My own line?" Dennis repeated.
"You're not thinking of starting a fire,

are you, Mac?"
"No, but there may be a bit of wallscaling to be done and you're the lad for it. 'Tis a hard place to reach, though, and I've no mind to be nabbed by pigheaded householders for breaking and entering. Clancy ought to happen along seen on his beat and we'll wait for him.' "But why would this fellow Hill go

s attitude and the covertly alert exession in the gaze which he shifted ternately from the westward corner the precinct station house a few found out about it somehow, and was found out about it somehow, and was found out about it somehow, and was found out about it somehow.

A short distance from the door of the cation house the two newcomers called, the taller facing it, the other of the his back turned squarely.

"We've been waiting for you. Clancy." McCarty spoke without presented his back turned squarely. helted, the taller facing it, the other with his back turned squarely.

"Loosen up, Denny, and act careless like!" warned the latter. "If you had whiskers you'd look for all the world like a cat watching a mouse hole! Tis well you took up fire fighting, for you would sever have made a first-class dick!"

"Is that so!" retorted Dennis. "I mind a time when you mistook a murdering blackguard for a member of the British aristocracy—not but what the two would be a possible combination—and 'twas a blind man that beat you to the truth! How can I tell it's the right man we'll be following when he comes out of there, and me never laying eyes on him before, if I don't watch?"

"You could tell him with the tail of "From what we observed just now you seem to be on good terms with the help in the help in those on the next block to let us go through and into their back yard? We'll probably be wanting to come out the same way along about morning, but if we don't there'll be nothing to kick up a racket about. It'll be just as well, though, if you pick out one that don't know the servants at the Crevelings'. "Sure, that's easy!" Clancy exclaimed. "Getting you through, I mean. As to keeping it from the help at the Crevelings', the cook at the degree on him before, if I don't watch?"

"You could tell him with the tail of

seen eating regular. If I don't miss my me on the cold nights this last winter ruess he'll turn in this direction, so the She'll let you through on my say so.

minute you see him begin to talk loud.

The de Forests' cook proved to be a but you needn't shout enough to at-buxom, good-natured person and Dennis tract his attention and don't call me unexpectedly scored a hit by ascertaining that she came from the same county your own business."

what'll I be talking about?"
leave of Clancy and she led them
through the kitchen and scullery out to "And what if I be talking "I'm through the kitchen and scure; bennis demanded in some alarm. "I'm through the kitchen and scure; be an immaculate asphalted yard, its low fences covered with stout wistaria vines to the same and scure in the same and scure." "If it's over the walls you want t

tion house and paused, gazing delib-tely up and down the street. Dennis ladder here that'll hold the two of you man dear, there's a small, little shot out a lean arm in a gesture that a shot out a lean arm in a gesture that was intended to be argumentative.

"I'll never believe it of Terry!" he declared in a loud, indignant tone. "He'a not the lad to go back on his friends and what's the good of being a citizen and having a vote if you can't swing it to them that'll put something your way later?—He's turned this way! Now he's coming!—As I was saving.

Now he's coming!—As I was saying it's the persuading tongue in his head that Terry has, all right, and the boys are with him. If he says he'll carry the ward for a friend he'll do it!"

"And if he goes around looking for a polling place in the spring of the year he's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's liable to be run in for a nut!" Me-le's agood thing for you that it is not the Creveling house you want to get into, for 'tis blockaded at the rear like a fort, though heaven knows why.

"Twas some whim, may be, of the poor soul that sent a bullet through his own heart. And to think." she added with a trace of awe in her tones. "I heard the very shot!"

some on; I think I know where our come on; I think I know where our bird is headed for, but he's only ending end of the ladder and beamed upon her. "If the reporters knew that I suppose they'd be after you like flies around honey." And how do you know 'twas that figure ahead and as they passed the corner the aloughing youth rean-

peared from nowhere and trailed along peared from the first comprehensive glance about him Hill did not even look back, but walked on as though lost in thought yet with a definite objective in view. He crossed an intersecting avenue or two and then, on reaching the fashionable thoroughfare on the farther side of which rose the park wall, he turned north.

"Where's he making for?" muttered Dennis.

"Where would any faithful employe "At quarter of two was defined a look of the form a dance and waked me up; we've a house party of young folks and the noise they made saying 'good night' would have roused the saints.' I got up and looked at my clock and I was just climbing back into bed again when I heard a bang like the roof was coming off! I waited, but nothing else happened and I made up my mind a policeman must have shot a stray dog over in the park. going when he's freed from being have snot a stray the papers came out this afternoon that I learned what it

really was."
Did any one else in the house hear it, too?" McCarty asked. "No: at least, none of the help did and the butler and footmen said that all block behind when Hill stopped at the family talked about nothing else at the tradesmen's entrance of the white tone house and pulled out his key. that the shot wasn't heard—I'll be up that the shot wasn't heard—I'll b same cornice beneath which McCarty the servants' dining room in the front ad effaced himself when he trailed the basement if you're coming back this mbryo burglar on the previous night way, and I've no doubt I can find a bit of supper for you," she continued

hospitably. They thanked her and when she had

asked: Well, Mac, what's the game now?

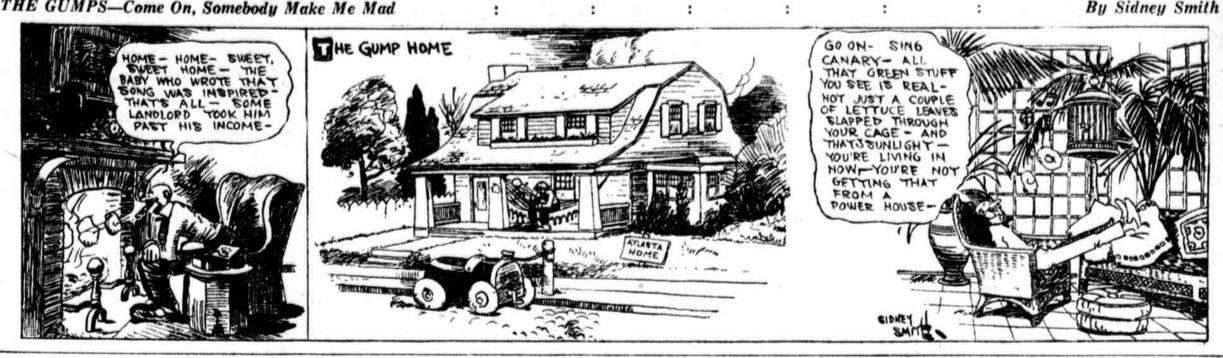
stees on both sides of the Crevelings closed, but there might be a way could get out, at that.—Martin:

added as the detective from head-"Do you think, Denny, that you

could get up to one of the window sills on the third floor? You could see over the Crevelings' wall then."
"Do I think I could walk up a pair of stairs with my eyes shut? retorted Dennis. 'If twas for that you dragged the ladder along, you can hoist it back again where it belongs. With them sills and lintely stelling out the way they

chief was hauling him over the do, a small boy could reach the roof! CONTINUED MONDAY

THE GUMPS-Come On, Somebody Make Me Mad



SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Cheering Him Up

Conveight, 1921, by Public Ledger Co. THE BOSS IS WORRIED OVER MISTER SMITHERS. DON'T BOTHER ME! CAN'T WELL - IT'S GOING = ISN'T THIS JUST YOU SEE I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO STARVE SOMETHING. LOVELY A PREYING ON MY MIND ? I OUGHT TO TO DEATH! DAY? -CHEER HIM UP A BIT. A-E-HAYWARD - 30

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says of course woman has her rightful place in business and politics, but personally she believes the quiet. gentle, retiring, feministic girl wii! always be more popular with the men.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG GREAT GOSH, HEN! WHATSA MATTER OF YIR MAW ? WHATCHER MAW DOM', HEM? EATIN' GRASS? WHATSHE EATIN' GRASS FIR ? SHE SKK, LIKE A CAT? SICK ! HAW! SHE ANT SICK. WHATSA MATTER OF HER -YOU POOR MUT! THIS IS MAY-DAY, AN SHE'S A-WIPIN THE PRECKLES OFF HER FACE WITH MAY-DAY DEW! GOSH, BUT YOURS IGNRANT! TELL ME IF THE BEAUTY PARLOR

PETEY-Slow But Sure



THAT BIRDS GOOD! SOME COOKOO - IF HE HANGS AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER ILL FIX IT SO'S HE WOHT TALK AT ALL

TIMMIE, LEAVE THIS

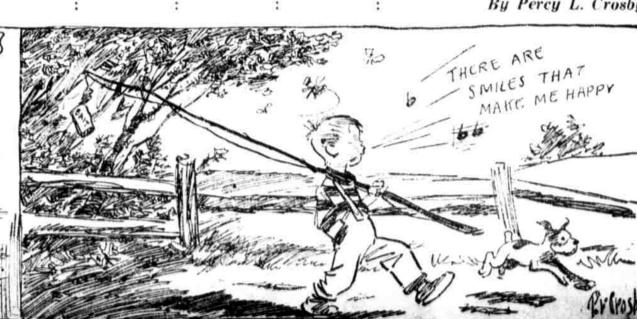
ROOM!





DON'T CALL ME

A SIMP. YOU



By Percy L. Crosby